CITY DIRECTORY.

excit. By Committees, ...W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam d Clas. Burg. H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and g L Frambert. at at the bird is slaughtered for fashlen, extended with the beast is killed for sport; dson w. P. Gilliam, E. L. Erambert arises w. P. Gilliam, E. L. Erambert is whispered at Molech's court. and A. E. Craile. r-E. L. Erambert, H. E. Wall and water E. L. Barrar, H. E. Wall and W. P.

For the "unborn astrakhan."

But a season of rest comes never for the rarest sport of all:

CONTRACTOR OF REAL PROPERTY RICE.

While His patience endure forever, Who noteth a sparrow fall?

When the volume of the rarest sport of all:

(OFFICE AT FARMVILLE.)

fion. Geo. J. Hundiey, Judge Circuit Court. fion. J. M. Crute, Judge County Court. fies. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Att'y, w. H. Thackston, Cierk. Circuit and County E.J. Whitehead, Deputy Clerk Circuit and

enty Courts, rysors: B. M. Burton, E. L. Dupuy, H. Hubbard, A. A. Haskins, G. W.

Scott.
J. Carter, Commissioner of Revenue,
C.H. Ewing, Treasurer,
H. Dickinson, Sheriff,
H. Harvey, Jr., Deputy Sheriff,
omas J. Garden, Superintendent, Schools,

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Will practice in the Courts of Prince Ed office over the postoffice, Farmville, Va. 19 28-19.

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Sterling Silver Novelties, Silverware, Silver Bracelets and Silver Hearts for same, Watches, Clocks, and a varied assortment of Finger Rings.

Learnestly invite you to pay my store a vis-

W. T. BLANTON.

PUT UP THE SWORD. I have sung of the soldier's glory

As I never shall sing again; I have gazed on the shambles gory, I have smelled of the slaughter-pen

There are stains on the laurel-leaf and the pages of Fame are blotted With the tears of a needless grief.

For the parent seal in the water

For such is the way of man-As we murder the useless mother For the "unborn astrakhan."

When the volleys of hell are sweeping

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

OFFICE AT FARMVILLE.)

The sea and the battle plain,
Do you think that our God is sleeping,
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever Are slaying the wasted frame, Shall we worship the red deceiver, The devil that men call Fame? We may swing the censor to cover

The odor of blood—in vain: God asks us, over and over: "Where is thy brother, Cain?" —James Jeffrey Roche, in Century.

HER SHATTERED IDOL B++++++++++++++++++++

DEX MEREDITH was looking into her life! A the young, upturned face with an expression half of pity, half of amuse-ment. In all his life—his reckless, hap-hand, and he was gone. py, dare-devil life-he had seen nothing like this creature beside him; nothing half so fresh, so innocent and beautiful.

yet bathing its waxen petals; a cluster | ns the light faded from the brown eyes of ripe fruit, with the soft color yet | and the color from her cheeks. lying, a dusty tint, upon it; a tender, ity in innocence and purity.

cross to fasten it; her halr, with all | all the world. sloped shoulders, and look where you ion, only her beauty, freshness and buoyed by that cruel phantom, hope. youth to designate her from the two

grandmothers who were her guardians. "So you were never in love?" queried worldly-minded Rex Meredith, looking down at her with those cruelly beautiful eyes of his and scanning every line them.

of her sunny face. two grandmas. Grandma Ventnor, she | to London. I will soon be ready to | is my father's mother, and has planned | come home, dear grandma; so take to keep the farm in order ever since | me, please. Just now my heart is to keep the farm in order ever since inc, please. Just now my heart is of the Christian religion, are now upbreaking, and only London can heal right and beneficent and useful. you. Grandma Thornton, my mother's | it!" you. Grandma Thornton, my mother's mother, has made the butter, and kept the house, and taught me to work and her nothing, and now, when she looked have been mighty for goodness in the

thing else in the world." "Better than you will ever love anything else?" he queried, in his per-suasive voice and with his large, soft eyes fixed pleadingly on hers.

She was not ruffled yet, even with all these powers which in his life had so seldom failed him, but with a steady gaze looked up into his face, with the calm, passionless eyes of a little child. Into a picture gallery one gala day, "I hope so, for if I loved anyone clse and there they suddenly came upon better, I think my grandmas would turn away and grieve themselves to "But you might like somebody a lit. even more beautiful than the pictured

tle," pleaded this worldly tempter, unwilling to go away and leave this huin the narrow garden of these old women's hearts. "You might like me a self, I am alone; aye, more alone than cars, and the hand that rested on his little-just a very little-for, like youryourself, for I have no grandmus to shoulder was sparkling with gems,

She laughed, and then grew full of just then, and Ellie whispered:

"I do like you-very, very much; but I think you cannot need grandmas as

He bent over her, and while the clear, soft, trusting eyes were lifted to his face, he drew nearer and nearer, until he left a kiss upon the white fore-

A great flood of crimson shot over her face-a blush that colored the round cheeks, the dimpled chin, the soft, round throat, and hid itself beneath the high brown dress; but she out. could not hide the gladness in her eyes. A kiss like this meant tenderness and love to her, and who would not be loved by a man like Rex Meredith, the handsomest fellow she, in all her simple

life, had ever seen? "You ought not-" she began, but

he checked her. "Don't say that, Ellie. I mean no harm to you. No, rather, I mean-"

He did not end the sentence, for some one enlied Ellie just then from the farmhouse—a soft, sweet voice, whose bidding Ellie never disobeyed; and she turned and gave him a good-by from her eyes, and was gone.

"I had better go, and never come back here," said Rex, leaning for a moment over the gate, and looking there is to be no marrying nor giving wistfully at the farmhouse and its little paradise of trees, shrubs and blossoming vines. "She would make her way into my heart, and, once there- | busy?"-Chicago Times-Herald. well, the world is too old a story to me. I could never find anything to remove her, and I should lose my place and Mrs. Gillian-Now, Mrs. Wyckoff, we degenerate. The wisest thing I can do really must say good-by. Dear, while

Is to go away and forget!" So it would have been, but he did not go away. Through all the soft, Mr. Gillian—All right. I'll just go the major key and none of it in the fifth, now stands for honor and justice the major key and none of it in the fifth, now stands for honor and justice ning, is now and ever shall be, world hazy summer be lingered in the villence of the simple the corner.—N. Y. Press.

the major key and none of it in the mild, now stands for honor and justice ning, is now and ever minor. "Gloria In Excelsia" rising and truth and righteousness. Such without end. Amen."

grandmothers and their little charge, among the sweet-scented shrubs and flowers and drinking in the beauty and the brightest, most beautiful of them

He was writing a poem when an inspiration seized him, and in his heart he knew he should succeed.

Succeed! Aye, why not? A year ago he had held the world captive with the magic of his slender pen-a year ago he had woven wreaths of poetry, when his life was laden with tobacco, wine, gay music, false, fair women, and the hurried heat and recklessness of the great, noisy, laughing, mocking world. Now the beauty and romance of an Italian summer clothed the earth, the peace and holiness of Eden prevailed, and a life fresh and untarnished from the Creator's hands lay within his reach, to be moided, fashioned as he

So he lingered, never daring, yet always hoping to find the courage to make her quite his own.

What it contained Ellie never knew, but it took him away. He came early one autumn morning,

when she was roaming among the flowers, and mourning with real regret over her delicate favorites-came to tell her that he must say good-by.

Forget him! Oh, tender little heart!

why had he come to let this shadow in upon its brightness? Forget him! Sleeping or waking. would be with her unto the very end of whose strings some discords traveled,

And that was all he said to ber. A

11.

"You are not yourself at all, Ellie," She was a rose, with the morning dew said Grandma Ventnor, day after day, Having seen the world under the gleam

beautiful, living thing, almost a divin- was the reply, but never a smile from the sad, sad lips; and her life was a Her dress was a brown stuff, with desolation, blank but for one tome, never a ruffle to relieve it. She wore a whereupon she had engraved the name white, turned-over collar and a gold of "Rex." There was nothing else in

At last, out of the great voiceless siits thousand crinkling, shining waves, was combed back from her face and lence, there came a message. It was tled with a blue ribbon, after the fash- a copy of his new book, and on one ion of the Scotch snood, and left to pencil-marked page she found herself wander at will over the gracefully portrayed. It read, sang, laughed of sloped shoulders, and look where you "Ellie! Ellie! Ellie!" and she lived would there was no sign of art or fash- again for many a long, long week, But nothing came,

When her heart and brain could bear no more she went one day to Grandma Ventnor and Grandma Thornton and laid her heart before quitted the earth. People have all they

"Now you know all!" she added, "In love? Yes, all my life, with my "and if you love me you will take me

be content. If ever any girl was blessed, who had no parents to love did not dare. So to the great metropblessed, who had no parents to love oils they went, these three women, as and care for her, it is myself; and I love my two grandmas better than any-love my tw

down, in, out, to find that one man, that the sad brown eyes might look at him just once again.

And one day, when they were wellfound him. They had found their way him. In all his grace and elegance woman stood beside him-a woman skin and blg, lustrous eyes, shining hair and gleaming teeth. Her silken in her hat, diamonds glittering in her Its keys to be fingered.

One of the attendants came near

"Who is she?" "Pauline Delafrere." "Not his wife, then?" The man laughed.

"But she will be?"

"Men do not marry Paulines." She saw him then as he was, her stain of worldliness, making black and | mingling of the two months of May and terrible the life she had deified in her October of the nineteenth century. heart, and she put her hands blindly

tender, loving heart gave up its struggling, its weariness and pain. Rex rying with the crowd to the poor old nen who were filling the gallery with their lamentations, saw little Ellie lying dead, like some white lily torn from its stalk in its first opening-dead, broken-hearted, but pure as the angels in Heaven! - Chicago

No Place for Them,

"Why so pensive, Geraldine?" "I was just thinking about what the preacher said Sunday morning. If in marriage in Heaven, what will the young men who are always acting as ishers have to talk about or keep them

Had Been There Before. is to go away and forget!"

So it would have been, but he did tell Mrs. Wyckoff a secret.

Ellie, dreaming folly away the hours A RIGHTEOUS EARTH.

fragrance of that one human flower- Dr. Talmage Discourses on the World as It Will Be.

> Improvement in Human Conditions After It Has Been Revolutionized for Good-Glories of the Coming Century.

[Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington, Dec. 3.

By a novel mode Dr. Talmage in this discourse shows how the world will look after it has been revolutionized for good; text. 2 Peter 3:13: "A new earth, wherein dwelleth rightcousness."

Down in the struggle to make the

world better and happier we sometimes get depressed with the obstacles to be overcome and the work to be accomplished. Will it not be a tonic and an inspiration to look at the world as it will be when it has been brought back to paradisalcal condition? So let us for A letter brought him to his senses. a few moments transport ourselves into the future and put ourselves forward in the centuries and see the world in its rescued and perfected state, as we will see it if in those times we are permitted to revisit this planet, as I am sure we will. We all want to see the world after It has been thoroughly Gospelized and all "You will not quite forget me?" he wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will come back to look upon the refulgent consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Having heard the opening of the orchestra on we will want to hear the last triumphant bar of the perfect oratorio. Having kiss upon her cheek, a touch upon her seen the picture as the painter drew its first outlines upon canvas, we will want to see it when it is as complete as Reuben's "Descent from the Cross" or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." of the star of Bethlehem, we will want to see it when, under the full shining of "I am always your own little girl," the sun of righteousness, the towers shall strike 12 at noon.

> Alighted on the redeemed earth, we are first accosted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, who proposes to guide and show us all that we desire to see. Without his guidance we would lose our way, for the world is so much changed from the time when we lived in it. First of all, he points out to us a group of abandoned buildings. We ask this spirit of the twenty-first century: "What are those structures whose walls are fulling down and whose gates are rusted on the hinges?" Our escort tells us: "Those were once penitentiaries filled with offenders, but the crime of the world has died out. Theft and arson and fraud and violence have the property of others even if they had the desire? The maranders, the assassins, the buccaneers, the Herods, the Nana Sahibs, the rufflans, the bandits, are dead or, transformed by the power

After passing on amid columns and statues erected in memory of those who rather than those renowned for de-Then in that great wilderness they stroying life, we come upon another wandered-here, there, everywhere, up group of buildings that must have been transformed from their original shape and adapted to other uses. "What is all this?" we ask our escort. He answers: "Those were almshouses and hospitals, nigh heartsick and discouraged, they but accuracy in making and prudence In running machinery of all sorts have almost abolished the list of casualties, and sobrlety and industry have nearly abolished pauperism, so that those he stood the center of a gay party. A buildings which once were hospitals and almshouses have been turned into beautiful homes for the less prospered, faces upon the walls. She had white and if you will look in you will see the poorest table has abundance, and the smallest wardrobe luxury, and the harp,

carpet; there were long, rich feathers | leaning against the piano, waiting for "Hospitals and almshouses must have been a necessity once, but they would be useless now. And you see all the swamps have been drained, the sewerage of the great towns has been perfected, and the world's climate is so improved that there are no pneumonias to come out of the cold, or rheumatisms out of the dampness, or fevers out of the heat. Consumptions banished, pneumonias "Not In this world," laughed he. banished, diphtheria banished, ophthalmia banished, neuralgia banished. As near as I can tell from what I have rend, broken, shattered idol, with all the our atmosphere of this century is a

And we believe what our escort says, for as we pass on we find health glow-"Home! Take me home, grandma!" ing in every cheek and beaming in And then the white lips quivered, every eye and springing in every step the slender limbs gave way and the and articulating in every utterance and you and I whisper to each other as our escort has his attention drawn Mcredith, with Pauline Delafrere, hur- to some new sunrise upon the morning sky, and we say, each to the other: "Who would believe that this is the world we lived in over 100 years ago? Look at those men and women we pass on the road! How improved the human race! Such beauty, such strength, such gracefulness, such geniality! Faces without the mark of one sorrow! Cheeks that seem never to have been wet by one tear! A race sublimated! A new world born!"

But I say to our escort: "Did all this merely happen so? Are all the good here spontaneously good? How did you get the old shipwrecked world afloat again, out of the breakers into the smooth seas?" "No, no!" responds our twenty-first century escort. you see those towers? Those are the towers of churches, towers of reformatory institutions, towers of Christian schools. Walk with me, and let us

above "Gloria In Excelsia." Tremolo men as were in your congresses and stop in the organ not so much used as the trumpet stop. More of Ariel than of Naomi. More chants than dirges. Not a thin song, the words of which no one understands on the lip of a soloist, but mighty harmonies that roll from outside door to chancel and from floor to grained rafter as though Handel had come out of the eighteenth century into the twenty-first and had his foot on the organ pedal, and Thomas Hastings had come out of the early part of the ninete oth century into the twenty-first and were lending the voices. Music that moves the earth and makes Heaven listen.

But I say to our twenty-first century escort: "I cannot understand this. Have these worshipers no sorrows, or have they forgotten their sorrows?" Our escort responds: "Sorrows! Why, they had sorrows more than you could count, but by a divine Illumination that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries never enjoyed they understand the uses of sorrow and are comforted with a supernatural condolence such as previous centuries never experienced." I ask again of the interpreter: "Has.

death been banished from the world?" The answer is: "No, but people die now only when the physical machinery is worn out, and they realize it is time to go and that they are certainly and without doubt going into a world where they will be infinitely better off and are to live in a mansion that awaits their immediate occupancy," "But how was all this effected?" I ask our escort. Answer: "By floods of Gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a revival of religion to be compared with what occurred in the latter part of the twentieth and the early part of the twenty-first century. The that we could have seen this old world prophecy has been fulfilled that 'a nation shall be born in a day'-that is, ten or twenty or forty million people converted in 24 hours. In our church history we read of the great awakening of 1857, when 500,000 souls were saved. But that was only a drop of the coming showers that since then | will burn, and another element taken took into the kingdom of God every- from the air and that will burn, and thing between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between the Pyrences and the Himalayas." The evils that good people were in the ninetcenth century trying to destroy have been overcome trying to destroy have been overcome to Heaven. Farewell, spirit of the by celestial forces. What human twenty-first century! Thanks for your weaponry failed to accomplish has been done by omnipotent thunderbolts.

As you and I see in this terrestrial the church has under God accomplished so much, we ask our escort, the spirit of | tories of truth on land and sea, the the twenty-first century, to show us the hemispheres irradiated, and Christ on taken in and out of the churches of dif- throne of Heaven." ferent denominations, and we find that first century as they were different in | itation has no power to detain ascendthe nineteenth when we worshiped in | ing spirits. Up through immensities them. There is unity in them as to the great essentials of salvation. But we enter the Paptist church, and it is bapfor membership immersed. And we go as it opens for our return, and the into a Presbyterian church and see a group of parents around the baptismal what is the news? What did you find font holding up their children for the in that earthly tower? What have you sermon preached the doctrines of the greatest of German reformers. And we go into the Methodist church just in audible "Amen" when the service stirs us. At least 50 kinds of churches in the twenty-first century, as there were 150 different kinds of churches in the nine-

"But what is yonder row of buildings, majestic for architecture?" The spirit the twenty-first century says: "Those are our legislative balls and places of public trust, and if you would ke it I will show you the political cirles, the modes of preferment, the styles of election, the character of public men in this century." "Thank you," I reply. "I can easily understand how Gospelization would improve individual life and social life and commercial life, but I would like to see what it can do for political life." "Let me tell you," says the spirit of the twenty-first century, "that I have read about political chicanery and corruption of more than 100 years ago-the nineteenth century, in which you lived here-but the low political caucus has gone from the face of the earth, and the stuffed ballot box, and the bribery by money and by promise of office, and the jobs got through legislatures and congresses by lobbyists. We have nothing like a Credit Mobillier scandal, or those harbor and river appropriations, the most of which never improved the harbors or rivers, or specches to kill time and prevent a vote, or premotion to high place of political necidents, and the only bosses we have new boss because they have more brain and purity than those who are bossed. The money barrel to buy votes and to decide who shall be elected did not roll into this century. All those in high ofmen superior for intelligence and sagacity and moral equipment and fitness and Machiavelism and temporization

"The last corrupt judge of election was buried 50 years ago, the preacher officiating at the obsequies taking for his text Proverbs 10:7: 'The name of the wicked shall rot,' or Jeremiah 19:22: 'He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem.' Our laws are good and well executed. Men do not in our century have to wade chin deep your century, the nineteenth, often in dwelleth rightcousness."

parliaments and reichstags pointed out as exceptions of statesmanship and patriotism and public spiritedness and cloquence and moral power would not be pointed out now, for all our public men are thus characterized. Politics has been swept, garnished, glorified, ennobled, until nothing more is to be desired. Walk through all aldermanic councils and sheriffalities and guber- THE BLESSINGS OF SUNSHINE. natorial rooms and presidential manslops and find the truth of what I, the Oh, what would the world without sunspirit of the twenty-first century, tell you, who were of the nineteenth century and now come down on terrestrial

But we cannot stay long here, for it is almost time for us to retrace our way heavenward. This voluntary exile must soon end. And, passing out, we go through a national museum, where we are shown among the curiosities an enfield rifle, a howitzer, a hotchkiss shell, an ambulance-curlosities of that age, but, alas! no curiosity to us of the nineteenth century, for some of our | Oh, what would the world without sunown kindred went down under their stroke or were carried off the field by those wheels.

"Dut," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty first century, and you and I say to each other, "we must go home now, back again to Heaven. We have staid long enough on this terrestrial visitation to see that all the best things | Oh, what would the world without sunforetold in the Scriptures and which we read during our earthly residence have come to pass, and all the Davidic, Solomonic and Paulinian and Johannean prophecies have been fulfilled, and that the earth, instead of being a ghastly failure, is the mightiest success in the universe. A star redeemed. A planet rescued! A world saved! It started with a garden, and it is going to close with a garden. What a happiness after it was righted and before it burned, for its internal fires have nearly burned out to the crust, according to the geologist, making it easy for the theologian to believe in the conflagration that the Bible predicts. One ele-ment taken from the water and that surrounding planets will watch this old ship of a world on fire and wonder if all its passengers got safely off. Before that planetary catastrophe, hie us back guidance! We can stay no longer away from doxologies that never end, in temples never closed, in a day that As you and I see in this terrestrial has no sundown. We must report to the visitation of the coming centuries that immortals around the throne the transformations we have seen, the vic-

different kinds of churches. So we are | the throne of earth, as He is on the And now you and I have left our esthey are just as different in the twenty- cort as we ascend, for the law of gravand by stellar and lunar and solar splendors, which cannot be described by mortal tongue, we rise righer and tismal day, and we see the candidates | higher, till we reach the shining gate questions greet us from all sides: gowned and surpliced. And we enter | house of many mansions, we cry aloud the Lutheran church, and we hear in the the news: "Hear it, all ye glorified Christian workers of all the past centuries! We found your work was successful, whether on earth you toiled time to sit down at a love feast and give | with knitting needle, or rung a trowel on a rising wall, or smote a shoe last, or endowed a university, or swayed a scepter; whether on earth you gave a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or at some Pentecost preached

3,000 souls into the kingdom. "In that world we have just visited the deserts are all abloom, and the wildernesses are bright with fountains. Sin is extirpated. Crime is reformed Disease is cured. The race is emanelpated. 'The earth is full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.' 'The redeemed of the Lord have come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.' 'The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Let the harpers of Heaven strike the glad tidings from thestrings of their harps, and the trumpeters put them in the mouth of their trumpets, and the orchestra roll them into the grand march of the eternities, and all the cathedral towers of the great capital of the universe chime them all over Heaven."

And now I look up and see the easting down at the bejeweled and radiant crowns at the sacred feet of the enthroned Jesus. Missionary Carey is casting down before those feet the crown of India saved. Missionary Judson is easting down the crown of Burma saved. Missionary Abeel casting down the crown of China saved. David Livingston casting down at those feet the crown of Africa saved. Missionary Brainerd casting down the crown of this country's aborigines saved. Souls that went up from all the denominations in America in holy rivalry, seeking which could soonest east for the posts they occupy. All intrigue down the crown of this continent at the Saviour's feet, and America saved. But often you and I, who were com-

panions in that expedition from Heaven to earth, seated on the green bank of the river that rolls through the paradise of God, will talk over the scenes we witnessed in that parenthesis of heavenly bliss, in that vacation from the skies, in our terrestrial visitation-we who were early residents in the nincteenth century, escorted by the spirit of the twentythrough moral slush in order to gain first century, when we saw what my office. The word 'politics,' which in text describes as "a new earth, wherestood for chicanery and falsehood and to the Father and to the Son and to billingsgate and moral turpitude and the Holy Ghost, as it was in the begia-



Where then were the lovely flowers
That out in the fields and lanes we see
Refreshed by the summer showers?

Oh, what would the world without sun-

shine be? Where then were the rainbows bright, That kindle the children's hearts wit And gladden the traveler's sight?

Oh, what would the world without sunshine he?
Where then were the fruits untold
That autumn hangs on each laden tree,
With their tints of burnished gold?

shine be.
With no lack of azure sky
To flood the world with its melody
From its circling course on high?

Oh, what would the world without sunwhen the heart is sore oppressed,
When we long from the cares of life to flee,
And would gladly be at rest?

shine be, With no sunset gleam over land or sea, But a darkening gleam o'er ali?

Oh, what would the world without sunshine be That the Gospel message brings, And the hope of a brighter world to be On the Christian's pathway flings?

Oh, what would the world without sunshine he.
In those lands of heathen gloom,
With no giadsome song of victory
On the brink of the somber tomb?

Oh, what will the heavenly sunshine be, In the glorious realms of light, In the House of God, by the angels trod, With their robes of spotiess white? -William Kitching, in London Christian.

LAID UP IN HEAVEN.

What We Do for Others Makes for Permanent Spiritual Value-

A Real Satisfaction. After all the best satisfaction in life arises from what you are able to do for the happiness and welfare of other people. That is the great advantage of wealth. It is not that it gives you the opportunity of leading a more luxurious and self-indulgent life; it is not that you can have a fine house and garden, books and pictures, travel and society, but it is that you have it in your power to help others, to lift them over hard places, and to give them the substantial encouragements that are so useful. But this power does not reside merely in the possession of money; it also goes with good health, a cheerful disposition, knowledge, skill, or any advantage that you have over those less favored. All these things are trusts, and we make the noblest and most satisfying use of them when we use them as trusts, not for ourselves, but to promote the welfare of others. What a significant thing it is that our Saviour, who treated the suggestion that He have wrought His first miracle by turning water into wine, to promote the pleasure and comfort of others! The more we see of life the firmer is apt to be our persuasion that we get the best of any power or advantage we may happen to have by using it for the welfare of others. By that use we transmute it into a permanent spiritual value. The riches that we can amass in that way are truly laid up in Heaven .- Boston Watch-

AMBASSADOR AND BISHOP.

No After Effort Strengthens Those Weak Places in the Foundations of Life.

A former ambassador from this country to France was crippled in his diplomacy by his inability to speak French. He fully comprehended the international questions which he was officially obliged to consider, but he could discuss them only through an interpreter. An old man who had tried to teach him the language in his

"Ah! that gap of four idle, unre sponsive years when he was a boy, will make an empty space some time or somewhere in his life. He never can adequately bridge it over!"

Other men have suffered even more seriously from such gaps in life, whose emptiness they try vainly to fill. Bishop Dash, a learned and wise

Christian leader in a great sect, once said to a friend: "When I was a lad, at the age when the habits of life are being acquired, I ran away from home and spent three years with lumbermen-most of them men of low, dissolute habits. To this day it is an effort for me to use a napkin or a fork at table, to lift my hat to a woman, or to observe the little customs which a gentleman fol-

lows unconsciously. "My conscience makes me abhor pro fanity, but even now, in my old age, whenever I am angry oaths almost come to my lips. It seems as if no after effort could strengthen that weak place in the foundations of my

life."-Youth's Companion. Soul Prosperity.

Soul prosperity imparts sweetness to the conversation, gives direction to the onduct in all the relationships of life, improves the manners, aids in the progress of knowledge, protects against conformity to the world, sustains amid life's sorrows, guides safely in worldly prosperity, prepares for death and aug-ments the glory of the life everlasting. We are God's children, and as such receive His blessing and favor.—Rev. O. C.